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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Everybody's Castle.

(By John Taylor, Author of 'Great Lessons from Little Things.')

The heart is the keep of a castle that we must all defend.

You have seen a picture of an old English castle. Outside its walls there ran a deep ditch, or moat, that went all round. In times of war the moat was filled with water, and crossed by a drawbridge. If the enemy appeared outside the drawbridge was lifted up, and there was no means of crossing the water. The walls were pierced with loopholes, through which arrows might be shot by the defenders. Each gate was protected by a portcullis, or massive frame of iron armed with spikes. The towers along the castle walls were filled with troops; and if you had seen such a castle ready for war you would have thought the people inside were safe as long as they had plenty of food and water. But inside the castle yard was another stronghold called the 'keep' of the fortress. It was the home of the chief who owned or defended the castle. It was the stronghold. Sometimes the enemy would swim across the moat in the darkness of night, and climb the castle walls, and kill the sleepy sentinels, and capture the towers and walls and gates. Then the defenders would run to the keep, or stronghold, and the siege would begin again. If the 'keep' were captured, all the defenders were prisoners of war. When the citadel was taken, all was lost.

The heart is besieged by evil—it tries the gates of the castle sometimes.

I know a man who has a weakness at ear-gate. I said to him one day, 'Are you going into the market-place this afternoon, my friend?' 'No, sir,' said he; 'I dare not go. I used to be a member of a capital band of music, and if I were to hear the music in the town to-day I should go mad. You would see me dancing in the street, and going into the gin-shops, and I should finish the day by getting drunk. Evil would come in at my ears, and steal my heart, and I should be ruined; I must try and keep myself from evil.'

I heard of another man, who used to be a desperate drunkard. He reformed; but he always crossed the street when he came near a public-house, and went on the opposite side of the road till he was safely past it. If there happened to be two of them on opposite sides of the street, he would pull out his pocket-handkerchief and hold it to his nose, while he walked down the middle of the street, out of the way of temptation. If you asked him why he did so, he would say, 'If I were to smell spirits, I could not resist the temptation to drink them.' Evil vainly tried to take that man's heart by storming nose-gate.

Many young people are very weak at eye-gate. Sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking are the innocent-looking traps that evil sets to catch them, which makes them too often forget duty.

But perhaps the most successful gate that evil can try is mouth-gate. He can do almost as much mischief with what he brings out as what he puts in. He has a faithful servant in your street who turns out oaths and curses: children pick up the naughty words, and say them again. Perhaps they hardly know their meaning, but they defile their little tongues, and damage their hearts. The wicked words are scattered abroad like thistle-seeds, till every good man must wish that foul mouths could be muzzled night and day. Then there are things put into people's mouths that steal their hearts. Evil spirits are admitted by mouth-gate in the shape of drink. When they enter the castle, they drug and poison all the sentinels; they open all the gates, and make a rush on the citadel, and it falls. I believe more hearts are lost through mouth-gate than all the other gates together.

'Keep thy heart with all diligence. Watch all the gates. There are traitors inside, and there are foes outside. 'Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' If he gains your heart, all is lost. Keep your heart as the text means, 'above all keeping.'

But now you ask, perhaps, how does a man keep his money? He puts it in his safe, he locks it up securely, and puts the key in his secret pocket, he chains his trusty dog so near the door that no thief can pass without risking his teeth.

How does a man keep his warehouse? He locks it up, and bolts the windows, he pays a watchman to spend every night in taking care of it, he insures it against fire, he watches it against thieves.

Surely we should be as wise and prudent about our hearts as we are about money and property! we should keep it above all keeping.

We must commit the keeping of our hearts to God; He is a watchman who never sleeps, He is a protector that thieves cannot overcome. Pray every day the prayer that Jesus taught, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'

'All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

I have shown you that the heart is the fountain that fashions the life, and the stronghold of the castle that we must defend. If you keep your hearts, by the help of God, you will be happy and safe.

Religious Notes.

The announcement of the erection of the first building to be used exclusively for Chinese Protestant church purposes will come as a surprise to most readers, although it has taken nearly half a century to reach this event. New York has now 8,000 Chinese within its limits. The Presbyterian Chinese Mission is the first in New York to have so far developed as to need a building. The minister, Rev. Hue Kin, has been in America forty years. His American wife has been an important factor in the mission. The new building is to have an auditorium on the ground floor for services and Bible school. The second floor will contain a Chinese library, parlors, rooms for Tract Society and other adjuncts to the work, and pastor's study. On the third floor will be bedrooms for visitors and students, dispensary and hospital facilities. The basement will contain the dining-room, kitchen, etc., and a gymnasium, and there is to be a roof-garden.

The auxiliary missionary work which is carried on so successfully by the Mission to Lepers has now completed its thirty-first year and its influence is scattered over 78 asylums in India, Burma, Ceylon, China, Japan and Sumatra. It was surely a divinely inspired plan which led Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey in laying the foundations of his great work to utilize the missionaries on the field instead of sending out workers for the special mission. In this way the mission to lepers has become an interdenominational movement, and its own influence has spread indefinitely, while it has assisted, without competing, with existing missionary societies.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The Victoria India Orphan Society.

At the recent well attended annual meeting of the above Society, held in Winnipeg, much interesting information was given. The total income for the twelve months was $1,955.20; for the Orphanage at Dhar, Central India, $1,200.00 was remitted, and $180.00 for two native evangelists and a Biblewoman; the working expenses amounted to $28.98, of which $15.00 was for post office orders to India. In addition to the regular work carried on, the Society has, during the last 15 months, been raising a special Industrial Fund; $3,000 is the amount aimed at, of which $1,019.96 has been subscribed. This Fund is for the purpose of building and furnishing much-needed workshops in which the boys can be taught useful trades, carpentry, blacksmithing, etc., and thus fitted to earn a decent living when they leave the Orphanage. The little that has so far been done along this line has proved eminently satisfactory, and the Christians are getting a reputation for turning out better work than the ordinary natives.

The reports from India are most encouraging. During the year twelve of the girls were admitted to the Church after giving very satisfactory evidence of their real change of heart, and two boys were baptized. Forty of the children received certificates for successfully passing in different divisions of the 'All India Sunday School Union' Scripture examinations held in July. The good school work done amongst these famine orphans is shown by the results of the educational examinations held at the end of August, in which one girl passed the Lower, and two the Higher Grade Teachers' Examinations, and as Biblewomen, four passed the Lower Grade and five the Higher Grade. How much these results mean when we think of the conditions from which these children were rescued! Many at the very point of death from starvation, and nearly all in such a deplorable state that it took months, in some cases years, to restore them to normal health. The boys also are doing well in their schoolwork, and a few of the older ones, as a reward for reaching a certain standard in Hindi, are being taught English, which is thus made an incentive to study.

In the course of the twelve months eight of the older girls have been married to Christian converts, thus through the Orphanage work Christian homes are being established, and the small Christian communities are being strengthened. Though actual famine has not reached Dhar, food is so scarce that it costs three times as much as it does in ordinary good seasons, so the cost of living is enormously increased and there is much suffering and sickness amongst the poor who are unable to get sufficient necessary food. In other parts the conditions are much more acute. At the beginning of January there were 100,000 people on the government famine relief works, and each week the number was steadily rising, with every prospect of rapid increase for some months, because the area affected by drought is of enormous extent. The foregoing brief abstracts from the reports show that the Society has closed a very successful year's work, though in the latter part of it, owing to the financial stringency, it seemed very doubtful whether the year could be completed so satisfactorily. The thanks of the Treasurer are due to those friends who generously helped in the difficulty and to some who kindly sent their subscriptions in advance.

The Society's annual membership fee is $1.00, and members can maintain a child in the Orphanage for $17.00 a year. All subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 74 Furby St., Winnipeg.

Our Labrador Work.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

Dear Mr. Editor,—At one point on our return journey we were called to survey a schooner, as the crew were at dispute with the owner as to her seaworthiness. The voyage being bad, they were anxious to throw her on the owner's hands and leave her. She was fifty-six years of age, but had oak timbers and good spars—a contrast to one we surveyed a week previously, with both her mast-heads gone below the top gallant iron. There were many rotten spots in her side, and the deadwork in her after run could be hauled out in handfuls. Round her fastenings the wood had crumbled away in many places.

Since writing the above we came across the wreck of this very vessel, lying forlorn on the rocks of a harbor which might well be called the Graveyard. She had leaked badly on the first hundred miles of run, and the crew refusing to go any further, had called a further survey and condemned her. She had been sold for the benefit of whom it may concern. It was interesting to examine her planks and beams as they pulled her to pieces. To me she seemed fully to justify the condemnation we had passed upon her, but there were those who shook their heads and said she could have gone home if the crew had been minded. Personally I should not have been minded to risk my bones in a ship which was as rotten as she was.

While passing round a huge rocky headland known as Cape Harrison late in the evening, we sighted first smoke, and then the familiar outlines of the small mail steamer. So cutting across her path we signalled to her for our letters, and the captain kindly heaving her head to sea, we dropped our small boat and soon returned with a most welcome bag full of home news. The human mind very soon yields to the inevitable, and feels few regrets for what it knows cannot be. So we find when a month has to go by and we can hear no news—no one worries or thinks about it. But when at last the chance does come, and that bag full of letters, pregnant with such capacity for weal or woe arrives, pleasure almost gives place to dread of what may be waiting us, and letters are cut, opened, glanced through, and laid aside for reading just as rapidly as we can open and skim them over. Then there is a great sigh of relief, and then we hasten to assure ourselves everyone else has no bad news, and then comes the real pleasure of the second reading. David says: 'The righteous shall fear no evil tidings.' I have often thought that as he didn't get mails very regularly in his days, he may perhaps have had the same sensation we had. This time, however, we got the great news reported in detail to you by an earlier mail. Our agent, who had gone to Norway to purchase our herd of deer, had at last got matters arranged. A herd of 300 had been purchased—transportation had been secured—two Lapp. families engaged to come over and teach herding, and a number of Lapp. dogs for driving. We look on this as an imperial, as well as an undeniable sermon, for the lone land will be lone no more if the people can abolish dogs and substitute these invaluable and prolific beasts. This country has been able to sustain vast herds of caribou, a variety of reindeer, and can do so easily again. Might not this Labrador, with its minerals, fisheries, forests and fur, be as well populated as Norway itself—or at least as Finland, Lapland, Siberia and Alaska? America, at least, has seen this miracle in Alaska. The government themselves have taken the matter of reindeer in hand. Through the beloved and widely known Dr. Sheldon Jackson, himself once a Presbyterian missionary, they have made so great a success of the enterprise that, in that way alone, it has done more to save the native population than all the other Christian and altruistic efforts put together.

On our arrival at our northern hospital, we found all going on well. The friend from the Bay with cataract was doing well, and the blind little girl twins had both eyes needled—they are only three years old—their father is dead and there are two other children. They live on a lonely island, and it is needless to say they were not fat when we picked them up. Now we were introduced to two curly black-haired balls in pink nightdresses, rolling merrily over one another about the ward floor, like our baby dogs were doing on deck.

At last we ran into Battle, and so ended our long northern trip.

Many schooners were scurrying south with us, and a stiff breeze ahead gave a spicy finish to the trip. Being empty of coals—our only ballast—and log-loaded with heavy beams and wharf shores on deck, the little steamer rolled in as lively as a cricket, and as clean washed fore and aft as we could wish, preparatory to painting her.

The staff of volunteers and regular workers gave us the usual hearty welcome, as did the craft that filled the harbor—which numbered among them our own large schooner, discharging coal for us, and a large steamer loading fish for the Mediterranean.

Having again disembarked our patients, our vessel hauled alongside the schooner to have one transhipment of twenty tons of coal, while we joined the doctor and sister and visited his wards. The doctor himself was only just back in the new launch from the south side of the straits—whence he had imported a 'crowd' of carpenters, who were already building and blasting out foundations for the enlargement to the hospital.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend and Well-wisher, Foley, Man., 50 cents; Wm. Jackson, Unity Station, Pa., 50 cents; D. R., New Perth West, P.E.I., 25 cents; M. McF., Parry Sound, $3.00; R. W. W., Meaford, $1.00; Joseph Taylor, Sawyerville, P. Que., $10.00; A. F. Salter, Montreal, $1.00; A River Hebert Friend, N.S., $1.00; Mrs. John Urquhart, Waughs River, N.S., $2.00; Lewis O'Brian and M. Cameron, L'Orignal, $10.00; O. L. Gibson, Caintown, Ont., $1.25; Friends in Montana, $10.00; Total.. .. ..$ 40.50

Received for the cots:—Mrs. John Urquhart, Waughs River, N.S., $2.00; Lewis O'Brian and M. Cameron, L'Orignal, $5.00;
Total.. .. ..

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1908.

Temperance Lesson.

Prov. xxiii., 29-35. Memory verse 31.

Golden Text.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii., 32.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 23.—Prov. xxiii., 20-35.
Tuesday, March 24.—Eph. v., 1-21.
Wednesday, March 25.—Isa. xxviii., 1-13.
Thursday, March 26.—Hab. ii., 1-17.
Friday, March 27.—Num. vi., 1-12.
Saturday, March 28.—Jer. xxxv., 1-11.
Sunday, March 29.—Jer. xxxv., 12-19.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Our golden text has a rather disagreeable sound about it to-day, hasn't it. Bites and stings, and serpents and adders are all disagreeable, so why are we learning about them to-day? It is much nicer to talk about nice things only, but suppose you were going along a road which you didn't know and there were terrible pits in it, as well as beautiful flowers along the way, it would be kind of someone to tell you about the dark pits wouldn't it? The Bible, you know, is God's guide for us along the road of life and so, though it tells us about the beautiful land of Heaven at the end of the road, and the happy times we can have together while here on earth, it is careful to tell us of the many dangers that lie along the way, and our lesson to-day is about one of them. What is it that the text says, bites like a serpent and stings like an adder? Yes, that is it, strong drink. Look at the first verse of our lesson, and all the uncomfortable things it tells about; woe, sorrow, contentions, wounds, red eyes—and it asks who suffers from all these. The next verse tells us that it is the drunkard who is meant, and all those of us who have seen a poor drunkard, know that this is very true. But he didn't start out by being a drunkard; he started out to have a good time to be a good sort of fellow, and it was only 'at the last' as the text says, that he came to be what he is. Suppose you could see a broad, deep, black pit open in front of you, you would be frightened and try to keep away, wouldn't you? But if the same pit were hidden and you only saw some beautiful flowers on its edges, it would be much more dangerous, because you might say, 'I don't believe there is any pit there at all, and anyhow I think I could get some of those flowers.' That is just the kind of pit that the drink habit is, and no one is too young to learn about what an awful pit it is in spite of the pleasant looking flowers on its edges.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This is a lesson that perhaps more than any other calls for co-operation between class and teacher. If once a quarter the teacher merely reiterates the arguments for and against the temperance question as illustrated by Bible verses with which all the scholars are familiar, the lesson will inevitably become a drag and a weariness. It would be well to have the scholars themselves look up points on the question to-day, and the teacher come prepared with a short account of the drink problem in Solomon's time. The mild drinks in use at that time were not comparable to those in present use for strength and evil effects, and yet the evils of the drink habit called from Solomon so strong a denunciation as his, with the total abstinence principle urged as the only safe way (verse 31). The persistence and growth of the evil to the present day make it a foe that demands constant resistance if it is not to strangle the nations in its power. Rooted in selfishness, and a pandering to the senses only, the highest argument that can be brought for its continuance is the right of man to judge for himself. But the law denies any such right where a man's actions trespass on his neighbors rights and in all cases of crime, so that a tampering with man's 'birthright of free-will' has incontestably justifiable precedents.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 33. Thy heart shall utter perverse things. A young man of a fine family, of splendid gifts, was going down fast through strong drink. His friends had pleaded with him, but he had taken their warnings as an insult. One day one of them, who was a court stenographer, was sitting in a restaurant, when the young man came in with a companion, and took the table next to him, sitting down with his back to him without seeing him. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and, on the impulse of the moment, the stenographer pulled out his note-book, and took a short-hand report of every word he said. The next morning the stenographer copied it all out, and sent it around to the young man's office. In less than ten minutes the latter came tearing in with the exclamation, 'What is this, anyhow?' 'It's a stenographic report of your monologue at the restaurant last evening,' his friend replied, and gave him a brief explanation. 'Did I really talk like that?' he asked faintly. 'I assure you it is a verbatim report,' was the reply. He turned pale and walked out. He never drank another drop.—'Herald and Presbyter.'

34. As he that lieth upon the top of a mast. 'The text appears to be corrupt. Literally it reads: And as one sleeping (or lying) on the head—; the word left untranslated (Revised Version, mast) occurs only here in the Old Testament, and its meaning, if it be a real word, is unknown; it is similar to the term for line, rope, but can hardly mean mast (which is a mere guess). It is simpler to adopt the expression, "Like one asleep in a violent storm," which requires no great change in the Hebrew.'—Toy.

Verse 32. The other end of life is coming for us all. It is only a question of time. What shall it mean to you? No one can answer for you. Decide now, absolutely, changelessly, at any cost, that you will be the Lord's follower, industrious, clean, self-controlled, useful, victorious. It will mean a crown for you at the last. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give the a crown of life.'—Maltbie D. Babcock, in 'Forward.'

The joys of wine, of opium, of tobacco, and of all kindred drugs are mere tricks upon the nervous system; in greater or less degree they destroy its power to tell the truth, and in proportion as they have seemed to bring subjective happiness, so do they bring at last subjective horror and disgust.—David Starr Jordan.

Some one has said that if it is a small sacrifice to give up wine one should do it for the sake of others, but if it is a great sacrifice, one should do it for one's own sake.

The contemplation of vice is vice.—Arabic Saying.

Drink is Death's Prime Minister.—Addison.

Far from me be the gift of Bacchus—pernicious, inflaming wine, that weakens both body and mind.—Homer.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

The best temperance lecture I have delivered lately was my offer of ten percent premium on their wages to all the employees on my Scottish estates who will abstain from intoxicating liquors.'—Andrew Carnegie, in 'Advance,' 1902.

While a member of Congress, Abraham Lincoln was once criticized by a friend for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host. 'I meant no disrespect, John,' answered Lincoln, 'but I promised my precious mother, only a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding to-day as it was the day I gave it.'

A business man gives this testimony. 'Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman, and child in the city I lived in. And it has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those that drank is dead; not one living of my age. Barring a few that were taken off by sickness, every one that proved a wreck and wrecked his family did it from rum, and no other cause. Of those who are church-going people, who were steady, industrious, and hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives, and has something laid by, the interest on which, with his house, would carry him through many a rainy day.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 29. Topic—Home missions: progress in the Philippines. Matt. xiii., 31-33.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 23.—Abstain from evil. 1. Thess. v., 21, 22.

Tuesday, March 24.—Be not self-confident. I. Cor. x., 12.

Wednesday, March 25.—Watch therefore. Matt. xxiv., 42.

Thursday, March 26.—Lest ye forget. Deut. iv., 9.

Friday, March 27.—Watch and be sober. 1. Thess. v., 6.

Saturday, March 28.—Always watching. Luke xii., 42-46.

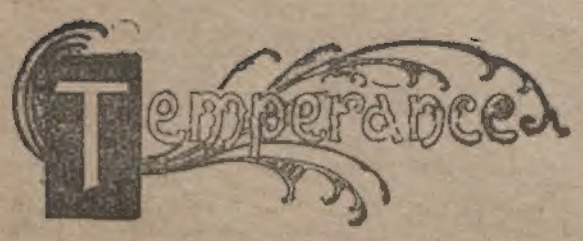
Sunday, March 29.—Topic—Take heed to yourselves. Luke xxi., 34.

The Delinquents.

Perhaps not enough attention is given to the scholars who drop out of our Sabbath schools. There is an enthusiasm about the work of getting new scholars, but it is the ordinary humdrum of work to keep them after they have been gotten. Our schools need to adapt to their work the old adage, 'A penny saved is a penny earned.' And that kindred homely old saw, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' It may be that the wanderer is the product of a start for thorough systematic work in your community. A few were brought in by the House-to-house Committee. They showed interest for a few Sabbaths, or as long as the novelty lasted and the new was on; but later they went back, and the teacher showed but little interest in getting them into the class again. There is an entire volume on soul-winning packed away in the one living sentence, 'he went after until he found it.' 'You will bear in mind that the words 'lost' and 'found' in the Bible have a meaning of greatest depth. To go after until one finds means to keep going until the effort ends in putting the soul of the scholar down at the feet of Jesus Christ. The trouble with most of our Sabbath School is 'we slump too soon.' Let us look up the rolls of our classes, and go after the delinquents until we 'find them.'—'Christian Guardian.'

Don't do all the Talking.

The boys and the girls should be given an opportunity to recite, and encouraged to know the answers to every question. No day school teacher would pass a lesson without clinching the important facts in it; and how much more essential is it that children should have their minds stored with the truths of the Bible. Just try it yourself some day. Carefully prepare your lesson, and then get into a class where the teacher does all the talking. You will declare that you never want to go back, but you will have more patience with the restless boys and girls afterwards.—'S. S. Times.'



Death's Premier.

It chanced upon a certain day,
That Death, whom all of us obey,
Wishing a little more support,
Held by his Stygian lake his court.
Another Premier was wanted:
One who, at least, should not be taunted
With lack of subjects; forthwith came,
Fever and Gout, the latter lame,
And War, who writes in blood his name.
Where are three who could so kill?
Heaven, earth, and hell attest their skill;
When who should enter? General Plague;
His claims were anything but vague.
Death, for a moment, held the scale,
As doubtful who should his speech begin,
Drunken Intemperance staggered in.
Fever and Plague, and War and Gout,
Looked at each other, then ran out.

—'Alliance News.'

A Letter from God.

(By John P. Guckes, in the 'National Advocate.')

The hour of midnight had just struck. Anxious with watching and waiting were the eyes of the woman at the window, and old and careworn the face that should have been young and happy.

One more glance up and down the cheerless, deserted street, and then she knelt at the bedside for the ninth time since the early evening.

'Father in Heaven, dear, dear Father in Heaven!' she cried out fervently, 'hear me! hear me! for thy dear Son's sake. Many, many times I have called upon thee, and though it does not seem that my prayers have been answered, yet have I faith in thee. O Father, I beg thee with all my soul to save my poor husband from the fearful power of drink. And yet, if it be not thy will, I pray thee, O I beseech thee, with all the poor strength I have, to take him now to Heaven ere he has wandered farther from thee——'

The woman stopped suddenly in the middle of her prayer. A warm little hand had fallen upon her shoulder, and a little voice asked, 'Mamma, what is the matter? Why do you ask God to take papa to Heaven?'

Startled at the sudden appearance of the child in her fluttering night dress, and frightened at her question, the woman jumped to her feet, clasped the little one to her breast and sobbed, 'Oh, Nellie, dearie, you musn't ask me such a question. You shouldn't have been listening to my prayer. There are things you cannot understand. Run off to bed like a good little girl, and leave mamma alone.'

Obediently but reluctantly the child turned to leave the room. At the door she paused. 'Mamma, do you really want papa to go to Heaven?' she asked.

The mother answered the child only with a nod of the head and an agonized, puzzled stare. What could she say? She could not explain all to the child, nor could she confess that she had prayed for something she did not want. The child had been taught carefully to pray for those things that were good in the sight of the Lord.

And with that nod from her mother, the little daughter passed out of the room and to her bed.

A long weary hour passed. The woman still sat at the window. Hark! What was that? An unsteady footfall on the street, a fumbling at the door, a heavy body clumsily ascending the stairs, a tottering form in the doorway. There he stood, the man that had promised before God to love and cherish her.

'Anna, why aren't you in bed?' he muttered thickly. 'Get to bed there, and don't—hic—ever stay up so late again.'

She obyed silently. She longed to throw her arms about him, to weep upon his neck and beg that this should be the last time. But it would be useless; the tears were dry; she had gone through the scene too often. Besides, he was never himself when in this condition. She would wait until morning; perhaps she could say something to him then.

She closed her eyes in pretended sleep. For a long time she heard her husband muttering things to himself, drawing off his clothes with oaths, and throwing his shoes about with idiotic chuckles.

At last he crawled into bed, neglecting to turn out the light. In a few moments he had passed off into a heavy slumber.

The woman left her bed quietly, arranged the clothes he had thrown about the room, and turned out the light. Stealthily she stepped into the next room, leaned over the bed and kissed the sleeping child. 'Good night, darling,' she whispered lightly.

But the child was awake, and replied, 'Good night, mamma dear.' Then suddenly she sat up in bed and exclaimed, 'Mamma, I've found a way to send papa to Heaven!'

'You are dreaming, baby,' said the mother, frightened again, but trying to smile. 'Lie down and go to sleep.'

Fearful lest the child might ask another question that could not be answered, the woman left the room quickly, and in a moment lay beside her husband again.

He was fast asleep now. She leaned over and kissed him many times, whispering little prayers all the while. At last she turned over with a sigh and went to sleep herself.

The sun was high when she awoke. Her husband was still asleep, but he awoke as she got up. She dressed herself quietly and then turned to him.

He was sitting up in bed, looking at her shame-facedly. There was a bright red spot upon his forehead.

'Harry!' she cried in sudden horror. 'Dearest, are you hurt?' Your head! Your head! Is that blood?'

The man put his hand to his head, jumped from the bed and stood before the mirror. There, pasted in the middle of his forehead, was a postage stamp.

'A stamp!' he exclaimed. 'Why, Anna, what does this mean? Did you put it there?'

'No,' she replied.

'You must have,' he rejoined. 'It was not there last night. What did you do it for?'

'I didn't do it. I don't understand it. When I—'

'But I understand it, mamma,' interjected a little girl, running into the room.

'You!' exclaimed the father and mother in one voice.

'Yes,' returned the child, 'and the postman will soon be here to take you, papa.'

'To take me! Where?' asked the astonished father.

'To God in Heaven,' answered the child. 'I put the address right on the front of your coat, so they wouldn't miss it, and I put the stamp on your head while you were asleep. I thought that was a good way to send you to God.'

The woman gasped and fell fainting into the arms of her husband. Trembling, and with face white and drawn, he caught and held her. 'Get a glass of water quick, Nellie!' he cried; and the daughter hastened to obey.

He held his wife in his arms, dashed the water into her face, and fanned her tenderly. Her eyes opened and looked at him blankly.

'Tell me, Anna,' he demanded, anxiously, 'what does it all mean?'

The woman shuddered. Her lips moved, but she could not speak. She motioned to the child.

'Nellie,' said the father, taking the little hand in his, 'tell me, child, why you put the stamp upon my head?'

'To send you to Heaven. You're a letter or God,' was the child's fearless reply.

'A letter for God!' The man's face grew deathly white. 'Why?' he asked hoarsely.

'Why, because mamma wants it. Every night when you go out, she kneels down at her bed and begs God to make you a good man. But she always says if he won't make you a good man, then he should take you to Heaven now. That's why I'm sending you to God.'

The man's whole body heaved with emotion. He lifted his wife to a chair, ground his teeth together and clenched his fists as though forming a mighty resolution, and then fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands.

'O God!' he cried in agony, 'make me a better man! In Thy sight I sinned a thousand times. Give me strength never to sin again. Make me worthy of such a wife and daughter.'

A Corner on Smoke.

If smoking on the streets, street-cars, and other public places is not a nuisance, there is no such thing as a nuisance. For no one can smoke in these public places without compelling those to imbibe the smoke who do not wish to do so,—and that, too, at second-hand, when it is doubly befouled.

SHOW THIS TO A FRIEND.

A SPLENDID BARGAIN!

Sunday School Workers

in Sunday Schools where the 'Northern Messenger' has not been taken, would be greatly interested in a proposition we have to make them for a free distribution for three weeks, or for a longer period, at nominal rates. **NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT.** Those interested in Sunday Schools will confer a favor on all concerned by bringing this advertisement to the notice of one of the officers of any Sunday School where this, the cheapest and best Sunday School Paper, is not being taken. Full particulars sent on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. I like the 'Messenger' very much and enjoy reading the letters. I go to school every day. I am in the third reader. In winter I skate and in summer I fish, as I live quite near the river. I have two pets, a dog and a cat. I call my dog Nig, but his right name is Nero. My cat I call Kitsy.

Good bye,

EDWARD LONEY (aged 8).

L., Sask.

Dear Editor,—Will you allow an American girl to write to the Correspondence of the 'Northern Messenger?' I take much interest in going to Sunday School. I go every Sunday and attend two. I get the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Young People's Weekly' in the Baptist Church. The town I live in is a busy place. I have lived here for three years.

BERTHA BERGMAN (age 13).

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I live in a little village in Northern Manitoba. We have not lived here long, but just came last summer. This is a very pretty place and is situated in a little valley with a small river running through it. I am twelve years old and am in grade VII. We have been having a very mild winter this winter and not much snow. I am a bookworm, as quite a number of children are, and I have read quite a few books.

MERVYN JOHNSTON.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor and Readers,—I get the 'Northern Messenger at Sunday School, and I am very fond of reading the letters in it. I wrote one letter about four years ago and had it published. I live on a farm about two miles and a half from the city of G. The school I go to is two miles from my home. I am in the high fourth reader. Last year I went to the Macdonald Consolidated School, where I took sewing and domestic science extra. I have noticed some pretty good riddles in the 'Messenger' lately. I will close with one: If a post master at a circus was eaten up by a wild animal what time would it be?

JENNIE MASON.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have one sister and five brothers. I thought I would write again, as I saw another letter from Irena Trudy. Papa was out West this summer for nearly three months. He bought a farm and we are going out some time this winter. The train goes right past our house out West.

JERMETTA FERGUSON.

S. G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one brother. He is running a camp this winter, and so is my father. It is very cold weather now. There is a lot of beaver down where my father is. I have not seen them, but I have seen the house. It is built of mud and sticks and is quite a mound.

JOHN G. SAUNDERS.

O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sabbath School. The first thing I do when I get home is to look at the drawings. I live very close to the school. It is just across the street, so I can always attend, even if it is stormy.

C. W. STEWART LAWSON.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old, and I live on a farm of one hundred acres, two miles from school. I have three cats and a big Scotch collie. My father keeps a lot of hens and they have been laying well all winter.

'SILVERLOCKS.'

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My brother gets it every Saturday. I am eleven years old. I go to school and am in grade six jr. I have eleven studies. I live on a farm three miles from B. We have a little more than two sections of land. Father has a threshing machine. I stay home from school when they are threshing.

ALBERT PATTERSON.

N. G., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I am in the third grade and I love my teacher. I have a little sister four years old, and she is the pet of our house. She loves everybody and everybody loves her. Mother reads the 'Messenger' to us every week and we all think it a very good paper.

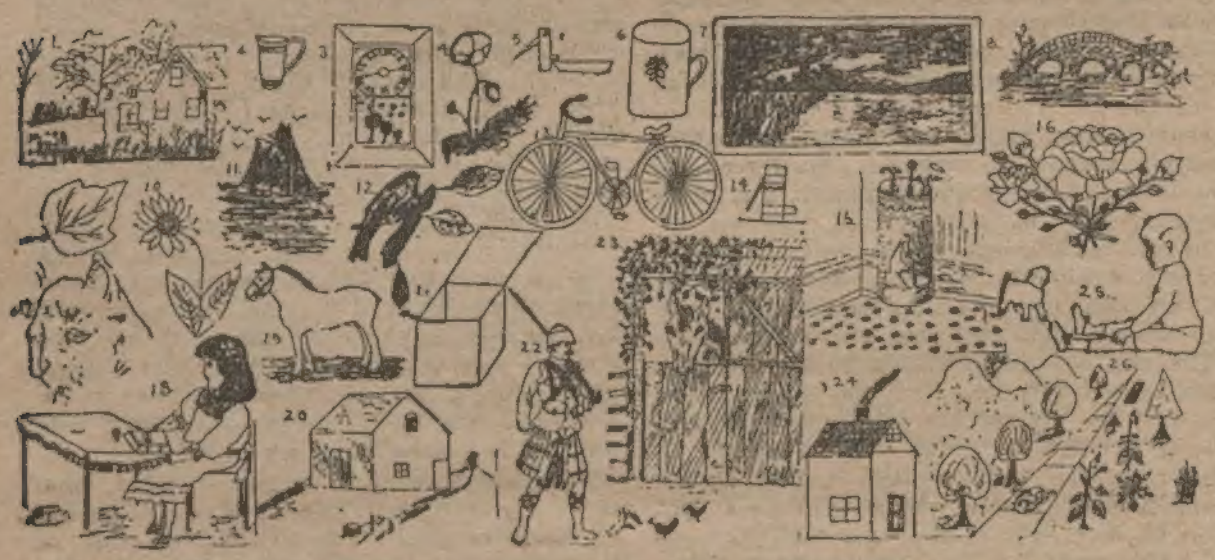
ANNIE ESTELLE JOHNSTON.

F., Que.

Dear Editor,—As it has been quite a while since I last wrote to the 'Messenger.' I thought I would write a few lines now. I think that every boy and girl should be constant readers of the 'Messenger,' as there is nothing like good reading for the mind. Those who read cheap novels are hardly ever in good company. The town of W., situated about four miles distant, has eighteen or twenty stores, five or six blacksmith shops, two carriage shops, a foundry, machine shop and chair factory. It is also the terminus of the Central Vermont Railway.

A WELLWISHER.

[The puzzles enclosed have been asked before.—Ed.]



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Our House.' Basil Colputts (age 10), F. G., N.B.
2. 'Milk Pitcher.' Gladice Crothers (age 7), M., P. Que.
3. 'Clock.' Ollie McLean (age 9) F. V., N.S.
4. 'Poppy.' Saida Wright (age 11), H., Ont.
5. 'Old Fashioned Pump.' Willie Ritchie, M., Ont.
6. 'A Mug.' Bernice Hill (age 10), N., Alta.
7. 'A Scene at Night.' Norman Ward (age 9), H., Ont.
8. 'A Bridge.' Ulma McNairny (age 12), H., Ont.
9. 'A Leaf.' Ruby Vanalstyne (age 11), H., Ont.
10. 'Sunflower.' Edith Lamont (age 8), M. F., Ont.
11. 'A Ship.' H. Kenneth Wood (age 11), B., Ont.
12. 'Bird.' W. M. Campbell (age 9), D., Ont.
13. 'Bicycle.' Macklem H. Harn, S., Ont.
14. 'A Pump.' Willie Blackwell, C., Ont.
15. 'Umbrella Stand.' Grace I. Cameron, T., Ont.
16. 'Roses.' Rebecca Solomons (age 12), A., Sask.
17. 'Puss.' Lulu Cowieson (age 12), Q., Ont.
18. 'Writing to the Messenger.' Dorothy E. Solomons (age 14), A., Sask.
19. 'Horse.' Stuart Ewing (age 9), M., Alta.
20. 'A Barn.' Kelso Annette (age 12), C., Ont.
21. 'Box.' Edward Dyer (age 12), S., P. Que.
22. 'A Scottish Soldier.' J. H. S., Oxford Mills, Ont.
23. 'A Good Friend.' Leland Grobb (age 11), W., Ont.
24. 'Our House.' Robert Wareup, M., P. Que.
25. 'Playing with his Puppy, Jim.' Hilda Field (age 11), Montreal.
26. 'On his Guard.' Robert C. Cameron, T., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Chester T. Parker, L., P. Que., sends an answer since printed. Chester has a bicycle for summer fun, and he and his brothers have learnt to skate this winter.

Irving Dunlop, S. R., N.S., says 'I have no pets as so many others have who write, but I have a little sister and we have great times together.'

Myrtle Rutherford, B., Ont., says 'We have a rink here and the school children all patronize it on Saturday afternoon.' You had better make the most of it now, for spring is not far off.

Isabelle Marjorie Bray, N., Ont., asks two riddles that have been given before. She is only six years old, but writes her letter herself, and very well too.

Mary McPherson, P. D. C., N.B., also sends a riddle asked before. Tell us about the tunnel you mention, Mary, when you write next. That looks like a good subject for a letter.

Willie Murdoch, D., Man., writes 'We play hockey on the river and have jolly good times.'

Freda Ruth Jackson, S., Ont., asks a riddle already given. 'I have a little brother four years old named Freddie, and we have fine fun playing.' Freddie and Freda, do you never get mixed?

Olive H. Morgan, Y., N.B., says her favorite study is British history. And the best about history is that all the splendid stories are true.

Abram E. Fraser, L. C., N.S., asks—Why is a boatman like a miner? He also answers Wm. R. Campbell's first riddle (February 28) —Courtship.

Avey Clarke, Toronto, says 'I am just learning to skate and I have a lot of tumbles, but I like it very well.' Your picture being on the back of your letter, both could not go in, Avey. Vera Clarke, Avey's sister, also writes a little letter. Both speak about the dear little baby brother in their home.

Rexford Annette, C., Ont., sent two drawings which the editor found very amusing. Are they part of a story, Rexford? If so, you might tell us the story.

Allan D. Morrison, S. P., N.S., is learning to play hockey. This is a question he asks—What must be taken from you before you get it?

We also received letters from Guy Doan, S., Ont.; Herbert Aggas, M., Man.; James G. Ross, L., Man.; Robbie Trueman, T., N.S.; Willie R., Markdale, Ont.; Bernice Hill, N., Alta.; Edith Lamont, M. F., Ont.; Ethel A. Schuler, A., N.S.; Addaline Lucia, C., Ont., and V. C. and H. L. McKinnon, S., P.E.I. The riddles in all of these letters have been asked before.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Watch Yourself Go By.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as 'he,' instead of 'I.'
Note closely, as in other men you note,
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat.
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when
You see you shirk, O commonest of men!
Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere,
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you, with 'he' as substitute for 'I,'
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.
—Strickland W. Gillilan, in 'Success Magazine.'

A Very Small Sacrifice.

(By Sally Campbell, in the American 'Messenger.')

'I felt a bit homesick,' said Barbara Decker, 'for my own church and my own dear Sunday School boys. But after all, a Sunday away from them once in a long time has its charms. This morning I can go to church here without being all in a flutter as to whether my particular flock are in their places, without feeling a burning desire every time the door opens to turn round and see if this may not be one more of them. Then in the afternoon I can "invite my soul." I will bring one of Uncle Reuben's books up to my room and read, and read, to my heart's content.'

The first part of her programme was carried out delightfully.

'It was just the sermon I needed,' Barbara told her Uncle Reuben, 'and it was all so quiet and peaceful and worshipful. I enjoyed the service; it did me good.'

Now dinner was over, and, book in hand, Barbara started up-stairs. As she went, she passed the open dining-room door, and glancing in, saw Aunt Portia, Uncle Reuben's mother, sitting alone by the window. For some reason, the image of the quiet little figure followed her up the steps and lingered before her eyes as she tried to fasten her thoughts on her book. She had to give up the attempt at last.

'I can't get it out of my mind that the dear old lady looked lonely, and perhaps sad. I wonder whether she did, or whether I just fancied it.'

Barbara paused uncertainly, then rose to her feet with some unwillingness.

'I did long to have this afternoon to myself; holidays are so few and so precious. And I had my mind made up to enjoy life up here in my own society until supper time. Well, it will be almost as nice to read to Aunt Portia, I suppose.'

She carried the book to the dining-room.

'Aunt Portia,' she said, 'may I come in with you? Would you like me to read to you a while?'

Aunt Portia's face had brightened visibly at the first question. It seemed to Barbara that it fell a little as she went on.

'You are very good. If it will not tire you, that would be a great treat. My eyes are no longer what they were.'

The old lady spoke heartily, but she lingered over the last words to give herself time, and then added, with considerable deprecation.

'I have been hoping to hear about some of your good works. I believe that you are active in city charities, and know all about such things. Off here in the country, so far away, we learn only enough to make us long for a full description.'

As Barbara let her thumb slip from between the pages and laid the book on the table, she thought to herself,

'Oh, dear, have I got to talk shop? How many times have I told it? Generally I am only too willing, but to-day I did want to rest.'

It was a very swift thought, however, and Aunt Portia never suspected it.

'My dear great-aunt,' said Barbara, solemnly, 'you have brought this on yourself. Remember that, when you begin to question whether you shall ever taste the sweets of silence again. The family at home say that I talk them out of their senses, in spite of their best efforts. Judge how I shall expand under a bona fide invitation, that came all of itself.'

Aunt Portia nodded and smiled, with the eager expectancy of a child. And then Barbara, who was a graphic talker, and who knew her subject in its details, told her of the work in the slums, of the sewing-schools and cooking-schools for girls, and the clubs for boys, and the brotherhoods for men, and the mothers' meetings, and the model tenements. Then she went on to the various church organizations, the missionary societies, home and foreign, the Sunday School, and the church sociables, and the staff of visitors to the hospitals and asylums. She did her best, and after she was once started, it would have been hard to do anything else under the compelling interest of so absorbed a listener.

It was a long story. When it was done the afternoon had gone and the twilight was creeping into the room.

Aunt Portia drew a deep breath.

'How good to know that so much of the Master's work is being done! Never forget to thank him, child, that you are allowed to have a part in it. It is very sad to outgrow one's usefulness.'

'Oh, but you can't do that!' cried Barbara. 'You can't outgrow it.'

'You think not?' asked the old lady wistfully.

'I know it,' said Barbara, with all the vigor of youthful conviction. 'I am sure. When the speakers in our young people's meetings talk to us as though the great argument for our doing all the good we can in the next few years is that after that we shall not have much chance, it does so put me out of patience. Nothing could make me believe them. Why, it is against all reason! After God has helped a soul to grow in grace for sixty years, do you suppose that he would set it aside as worthless to him than when it began the good fight? He couldn't afford to do it, to waste his best material. And it would not be like him to plan the Christian life that way. The young are useful in a different way from the old—they make a greater sound and stir and show, maybe, but they can't possibly be more useful!'

Barbara paused to take breath, but only for a moment.

'I do thank God that he fills my hands full of his work and keeps me busy for him. But even if I should live to be ninety years old, and have to be rolled around in a chair and be fed out of a spoon, I shall be grievously disappointed if I were not of many times more account in his world than I am now. The path of the just shines more and more. He says it, and I like to believe him.'

She came to a full stop now, but Aunt Portia made no move to speak.

'You must forgive me,' said Barbara, 'but when I get started on one of my hobbies, I have to harangue.'

Still Aunt Portia was silent, and, leaning through the dusk to see her better, Barbara was startled to find that the wrinkled hands were trembling and the dim eyes full of tears.

'Aunt Portia,' she said, after a minute, 'Uncle Reuben's boys are such splendid, manly fellows, with such clear, educated ideas of what is right. I used to think it was really remarkable. But I found that whenever I gave them a piece of my very best advice, they always told me, "That's what grandmother says." Yesterday I heard Bob and Arthur discussing some plan that had been suggested to them; finally Bob said, "Grandmother thinks it's wrong; I guess we'd better drop it." And Arthur said, "I guess so. Grandmother knows." So now I have decided that it is not at all remarkable. How could they be otherwise? And when I see how they hang about you, and the posies they bring you, and how careful they are of your comfort, I know why it is that they are so kindly and helpful and gentle. They are very much blessed in what they receive from you. And then you are teaching them to give. You would not grudge them that. You know it is the better blessing. Then, Aunt Portia,' ended the girlish voice softly, 'your prayers—even I, who make so many mistakes about things, have some little idea of how great their price is in the sight of God.'

The next morning Barbara went back to her busy life in the city, and the days and weeks slipped by until two years had gone. Then Aunt Portia died.

Her son's wife wrote to Barbara:

'Our dear household saint has been taken from us. She has left us the memory of a beautiful Christian life, which grew sweeter and stronger to the end. May God sanctify it to us and to our children. She always spoke lovingly of you, often referring to a talk which you had together one Sunday afternoon, as having done her much good. Be glad that it was given to you to strengthen so pure a heart as hers.'

'I shall be glad forever,' thought Barbara to herself, 'that God did not let me miss the opportunity; and yet it seemed such a little thing—hardly a duty at all.'

Your Dream Ship.

There is a ship named 'Sometime;'
Men dream of it, and wait;
One on the shore, impatient,
One at the household gate,
Thinking, 'If it come not in the morn,
Then in the eve it may.'
But one I know, not thinking of ships,
Worked till the close of the day.
Lifting his eyes at evening time,
There his ship at anchor lay.
—'East and West.'

The Answer.

(By Mary E. Hallock, in the 'Wellspring.')

It was the hour of prayer.

'Dear Lord,' a sweet voice said, 'the harvest is great, the laborers are few. I ask not to be one of the foremost of the reapers, but grant me a place among the laborers in thy harvest field.'

The prayer was simple and probably drew the especial attention of no one, unless, perhaps, that of the stranger who sat by the side of her who had spoken. He glanced at her several times and seemed glad for her welcome at the close of the meeting.

'Yes, indeed. Now there's George Washington. I said to him, 'George, did you ever get religion?"'

'"Bless de Lo'd, Mars Gray," said he, "I hab it now. When a niggah gets white on de top ob his haid and a stoop in his shouldahs, it's time, Mars Gray, fo' him to be thinkin' 'bout de golden streets ob de New J'rus'lem. Yes, sah."'

'"Well, now, George," I said, "supposing I should leave this book here do you think you could manage to have it stay here so that every one can read it?"'

'"De Bible sah? Yes, sah, an' de Lo'd bless you." Sure enough, it's there every time. Of course, that isn't true of all.'

'Aren't you going into this thing pretty strong? It's a little—er—well, unusual for our sort, you know.'

'I think not. Now be honest and tell me if you don't think the Lord's a good friend to have? The worst of us will go to him if

when we get into too bad a scrape. How is that, Chapin? The night you were in that Brownville wreck you prayed for once, now didn't you? But I never heard you give the Lord much credit because you escaped all safe and sound. There's Parsons, I heard that he almost lost his little girl. Parsons, how much time did you spend on your knees after the doctors had given her up? The little girl got well, but you never heard Parsons around praising the Lord, did you? I warrant there's not one of you that hasn't been helped out of trouble at some time and yet you look embarrassed and foolish if any one happens to mention the Lord in earnest.'

'But to return to the original question, Mr. Gray; how did you come to be such a—a—'

'Don't say it,' laughed Mr. Gray, pretending to roll up his sleeves.

The 'Dude' subsided, but Mr. Gray went on; 'I happened to spend the night in a little town in Pennsylvania some time ago. It was a very quiet place, and I was having a dull time of it, I can tell you. I was walking down the street just to kill time, and passed by a church, where I heard such good singing, that I decided to go in and take a back seat and listen. But, bless you, a young fellow met me at the door and shook hands as if he had been on the road for ten years, and before I knew what he was up to, there I was sitting half-way up the church, both amused and provoked at myself for being there. I liked the singing, but I didn't pay much attention to the rest of the service. There was a sweet-looking girl beside me, as frail and beautiful as a lily. I couldn't help noticing her earnest face.

'My wandering thoughts were recalled when the girl bowed her head and I heard different voices leading in prayer. By and by I heard her speak. She was asking the Lord to be allowed to work in his harvest field, and all of a sudden the thought came to me that it was a shame for a little girl like that to be working in the fields while there are plenty of men sitting round with their hands in their pockets. After that I listened to everything that was said.

'When the meeting was over she turned to me and gave me her hand, and said she was glad I came. I only thanked her, but inside I was saying, "Well, little girl, I'm not much used to harvesting, but if the Lord will show me how, I'll help you a little in this business." I'm not much of a Christian, gentlemen, but I read my Bible, and sometimes I think the Lord is especially good to me for the sake of that little girl I'm trying to help. The harvest field is pretty big and she'll never know about me in this world, but I hope that some day she'll find an extra sheaf to her account.

'Hello! here comes Davidson. Well, old man, how are you? What's the news from Philadelphia?'

Grace Maynard was a consecrated girl, the beauty of whose character was written on her face and shone from eyes simply trustful and yet strong appealing. 'The battle is not always to the strong and she, so slight and fragile, was her pastor's most energetic helper. 'Only to be allowed to labor,' was the great prayer of her heart.

A week later Grace was not among those who met for prayer, for she had gone to her heavenly home. Her every look and word and action had become sacred to her friends, and her simple prayer was long remembered by those who loved her. 'We cannot understand,' her pastor said, 'why God, in his wisdom, saw best to leave her great wish unfulfilled. We hoped that she might long be one of his reapers here, but I am sure she is satisfied, for she has gone to be with him, which is far better.'

* * * * * *

In the smoking room of a hotel in one of our western cities was gathered a group of travelling men. They were enjoying themselves, for was not 'old Gray' there? and his very presence gave assurance of a good time. Every one knew Mr. Gray. He had been 'on the road' thirty years, though he was scarcely past fifty. He was a little over six feet tall, with a fine physique and a kindly face. Indeed, it did one good to look at him. His eyes twinkled under his bushy eyebrows and when he laughed his whole frame shook with merriment till his companions laughed from very sympathy.

The fun was at its height when some one said, 'Well, Gray, I supose you'll be the first to set up the drinks.'

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I've given them up. I neither set them up nor take them.'

This answer was greeted by an uproarious laugh in which all joined with the exception of a young man in the corner, who added, after a time, 'I don't drink myself, boys.'

'Well, now, you don't say!' exclaimed Mr. Gray, heartily. 'I'm glad to hear it. I'm real glad to hear it.'

'Oh, pshaw! what's this you're giving us?' asked one of the men.

'I'll tell you if you like,' said Wilson. 'You see, when I started out on the road I never meant to drink. I didn't think much of it, to tell the truth. But I was persuaded that a man couldn't get along without a social glass occasionally, and so I began. I never drank much, but when I met Mr. Gray in Iowa not long ago, and found that he could make his way without it I thought I'd try. He told me that a man is always respected who stands up for his principles, and that a glass of beer weighs less in a man's favor than most people think.

'It's worked first-rate, Mr. Gray,' he said, turning with a nod to the older man. 'People laugh sometimes and say that I'm young and will get over such notions. There is only one man who ever said much, and I just happened to know that his son had been drinking too freely for some time.

'"Mr. Aken," I said, "now really, if I were your son, wouldn't you be just as glad if I left the stuff alone?" He looked startled for an instant, and then he said: "My boy, you're right. I would give my fortune today if my George had never touched a drop."'

This was rather an unusual turn for the conversation to take, and the men looked at each other in some surprise.

'What ever made you turn milksop, Gray?' asked 'the Dude,' facetiously.

'Just stop a minute,' laughed Mr. Gray as he stood up to his full height.

'Young man, do I look like a milksop. Stand up.'

'The Dude' obeyed.

They looked so much like 'the long and the short of it,' that every one laughed, and Mr. Gray gave this bit of advice with a twinkling eye and a grave voice: 'When you want to call a man names, pick on one of your size.'

'I'd believe 'most anything now,' said another man. 'Yes, Gray, I think you must have left that Bible and note in Room Sixteen in the Overland at X——. The note was signed O. V. Gray, but I never thought of you.'

'Did you read it?—the Bible I mean,' asked Mr. Gray.

'Ye-es.'

'Found it pretty good reading, didn't you?'

'Well, I confess I did get interested. I declare, boys, I've felt like a missionary ever since. You see the book was new and wouldn't stay open, so I just cracked the thing back at the place where I was reading, and after that when you picked up the book it opened to that place.'

The men were interested. They drew their chairs closer. 'Left the hotel,' continued the speaker, 'and went south for a couple of weeks. When I came back I asked for the same room. You all know old George Washington at the Overland. He was around there and happened to be in the room when I was reading the Bible. "Mars Stokes," he said, "you's a mighty good man. Yas, sah, and de Lo'd's a-goin' to gib you a big reward, suah nuf."

'"Oh, come off, George," I said. "What are you givin' us?"

'"Yas, sah, dat's de truf," he said solemnly, rolling his eyes, "an' it comes all along ob you readin' de Scriptuahs. I seed you crack dat Bible open whar it tells 'bout de Prodigal Son. I picked it up aftah you left, and it opened to de identically place. Well, sah, las' week a young man come here, Mars Ellis, dat war his name. He saw de note Mars Gray lef' an' he pick up de Book. It opened right to dat place. He read it an' he cried; he really did. I saw de teahs in his eyes an' I'm suah it took conviction to his soul."

'I met young Ellis in New York a few weeks later. Perhaps some of you know him. He travels for Owens, of Pittsburg. Ellis looked bright as a sunflower.

'"Hello," I said "you look like you'd been on a vacation."

'"I have," he said; "I've been up home in Maine. I ran off when I was quite a lad and haven't been back since. Found the folks all well. The place hadn't changed a bit since I was there, only folks have changed. Well, how are you, anyhow?"'

'I'm glad to hear that of Ellis,' said Mr. Gray. 'He was a good-hearted fellow, but he was getting to be pretty fast—pretty fast for a youngster.'

'Since we seem to be having an experience meeting,' suggested one of the older men, 'you might tell us, Gray, what this Bible scheme is.'

'Oh, that's not much. When I strike a place I usually buy a Bible, nothing elaborate, you know, but with good type. Sometimes I mark the place I have been reading, sometimes I leave a little note. That's all.'

'You never see them the second time you come round, do you?'

The Bag-of-Beans Test.

(By Adelbert F. Caldwell.)

'Very well,' remarked Mr. Henry Thurston, looking up from his desk, where he was just signing a check. 'So they've passed the punctual and honesty tests! Now try them on the bag of beans. A fellow will never make a success in our business if he gets cross and shows temper over trifling mishaps and unavoidable accidents. And one is always meeting with just such annoyances in work of this kind. The one who proves himself good-natured at the bursting of the bag—if either does—may be told that he is engaged at seven dollars a week.'

Mr. Thurston paused, and took up his pen.

'Wait a minute,' quickly, after a moment's reflection. 'Be sure there's enough water on the counter to thoroughly wet the bottom of the bags. Then, too, try one of them this afternoon, and the other at the same time to-morrow. It might hardly be a fair test of their dispositions to make use of it on either of the two boys in the morning. One sort of feels better-natured then, you know, anyway!'

Mr. Nelson, head clerk in the big wholesale and retail establishment of Thurston & Lincoln, left the comfortably furnished office of the firm and went back to the busy delivery department.

There were three qualifications which the head of the establishment insisted that each employee of the company should possess and strictly live up to. These were honesty, punctuality, and wholesome good nature. Boys had been known to lose their positions there, owing to their getting angry over mere trifles. Mr. Thurston felt that a boy's usefulness to the firm depended on an unruffled disposition quite as much as it did on punctuality and honesty!

The constant growth and enlargement of Thurston & Lincoln's business made it necessary, from time to time, to increase their working force accordingly. And it was the custom of the company to promote, at such times, the men and boys already in their employ, leaving to be filled by the new hands only the 'bottom down' places, as the clerks characteristically called them.

One of the men had just now been sent out on the road as a travelling salesman—the firm did a large wholesale business—causing, after a re-arrangement of the force, a vacancy in the delivery department.

Harold Stephenson and his cousin, Willis Fuller, had both applied for the position, and they of all the many applicants had passed the punctuality and honesty tests; and now it lay between the two boys as to which one would be successful in obtaining the desired situation.

Thurston & Lincoln had the reputation of being the most desirable firm with which to hold a job, in the large and thriving village of Muncie.

'I s'pose it's selfish—I admit it—but I hope old man Thurston will give me the place,' declared Harold Stephenson, with an air of careless disrespect. He was talking with

Willis over their prospects, the evening before the first bag-of-beans test. 'Of course I'd like for you to have it, too; but you wouldn't mind losing it as much as I would. This probation "stunt" of his—I don't imagine Mr. Lincoln has anything to do with it—is a queer wrinkle! I call it a piece of downright foolishness; I don't know how you regard it.'

'It gives them a chance to find out whether they want a fellow or not,' replied Willis, considerately. 'For my part, I think it's a pretty good scheme. Of course it keeps a fellow in suspense—and all that!'

'Which one of us do you s'pose will "land" the job, anyhow? Give us your opinion,' and Harold picked up a chip and began whittling aimlessly.

'I haven't the least idea—but one of us! And I'm rather proud that we've been singled out from all the fellows who've made application; there were twenty, at least, that applied for the place!'

'Not very many more! And if they give it to you, I stand a show of getting the next

A GROUP OF CANDIDATES.

place when a vacancy occurs. I won't be disappointed, though; I don't very well see how I could if you get it.'

'I've been trying hard enough,' and Harold put up his jackknife. 'After I'm once sure of the job, you bet your life I won't be painstaking over every little thing as I've been this week! It's just killing on a fellow to be so punctual, and all that kind of nonsense—a person couldn't stand it long!'

'He'd have to while he worked for Thurston & Lincoln,' remarked Willis, quietly. 'And it's no more'n right he should!'

'Well, you can if you get the place. You'd be a fool, though!'

The two boys, while closely related, were entirely different in disposition and temperament. Harold's character was well described by their Uncle Thomas as being one of 'fits and starts.' Willis, though not so smart in many ways, was a steady-going, earnest fellow, always 'making good' the responsibilities laid upon him.

Willis Fuller was sent out with one of the delivery waggons the next afternoon—the afternoon of the first bag-of-beans test, it being the purpose to have him absent from the store at the time of Harold's trial.

A four-quart bag of beans had been left on the counter in one end of the store, placed as though by accident in a small amount of water.

Harold was helping one of the clerks put up an order for the afternoon's delivery, when Mr. Nelson called from the door, where he was overseeing the loading of a waggon just about to start out: 'I wish, Stephenson, you'd bring over here that bag of beans you'll find on the north counter.'

"All right, sir!' and Harold left his work and hurried over for the beans. As he hastily caught up the bag the bottom suddenly came out, scattering its contents over the floor and under the near-by boxes and barrels.

'Confound the luck!' exclaimed Harold, his face flushing a deep red. 'Some one's a precious, pretty fool, slopping water round in that way!' and he savagely kicked an unoffending peck measure that lay on the floor beside him back under the counter.

'I've spilled them—everywhere!' he called angrily across the store to Mr. Nelson. 'The team will have to go without them, or have another order put up. 'Twill take me till doomsday getting them all off the floor again!'

'I'm afraid he won't do,' reflected the head clerk; and as he glanced over toward the other end of the room, he saw Mr. Thurston silently standing in his office door.

Mr. Thurston, of course, made no comment, and after watching Harold for a moment, as he began angrily to gather up the beans, he quietly closed the door and went back to his desk.

'I'm glad its going to be decided soon,' remarked Harold, as the two boys were walking home from the store that evening. 'Mr. Nelson says we'll know to-morrow, and if I'm not going to have the place, I don't want to be fooling away my time trying to please old man Thurston and his crowd! I saw him watching me while I was picking up a bag of beans I spilled to-day. I s'pose he wanted to see how fast I could work—but I didn't hurt myself. It doesn't pay!'

'He seems to me like a mighty fine person to work for; and Mr. Nelson's just a peach of a man!' exclaimed Willis, enthusiastically. 'It's queer you feel as you do. For my part, I don't wonder so many folks apply for the place when there's a vacancy there!'

'Oh, well, it's good enough, I suppose,' returned Harold. 'I kind of think they like me; they ought to—I've given them a square deal!'

It was in the middle of the afternoon, the next day, when Mr. Nelson asked Willis to carry the bag of beans he'd find on the cereal counter to Freeman Baker, who was just then checking off an order for a down-town restaurant.

He hurriedly took up the bag, when out dropped the beans, falling in reckless confusion on the store floor.

'I'm afraid I've done it now, Mr. Nelson,' called Willis, quickly. 'You'll think I'm a blunderer; but it won't take long to gather them up again. I might as well laugh as cry,' cheerfully. 'I'll have them off the floor in a little while, and I'll work all the harder afterwards.'

'That's the kind of a fellow to have!' Mr. Thurston went back to his work in the office—Willis hadn't seen him standing in the partly open door.

'I don't understand why they gave you the place!' declared Harold, gloomily, as Willis joined him that evening outside the store door. 'I've actually slaved for a week for them; never tried harder in my life to please—and this is what I get for it!'

'I really expected they would give you the job,' replied Willis, generously. 'And I don't see why they didn't!'

But Mr. Thurston did; and his reason was based on the result of his bag-of-beans test! —'Zion's Herald.'

Your Possibilities.

Young man, God is not playing a game of shuttlecock and battledore with you, tossing your life back and forth as if He had no plan for it. He has a plan for the most insignificant life, but He cannot carry it out without your 'I can,' your 'I will.'

The very circumstances you are now contending with, the very people whom you think are against you, are in your way to draw out your latent manhood, the manhood that will not cringe or fawn, that will not lean or vacillate, but will control both men and circumstances. Ability is bound to soar, talents are sure to shine, circumstances become wings to lift you up, and people like to show you the way, when you say, 'In God's name I can and I will.' 'One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one . . . till ye be left as a beacon upon the top of a mountain, and an ensign on an hill.'—'Christian Age.'

A Short Sermon.

(By Alice Carey.)

To those who read my lay,
This much I have to say,
Each day and every day
Do what is right,
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further I would say;
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true,
True things in great and small;
Then though the stars should fall,
Suns, stars, and moons and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not of thistles grow,
And though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes, never, never yet,
On the limbs of thorns were set;
So if you a good name would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey, through and through,
Speaking what is just and true;
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play
Each day and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

Colored Glasses.

'Oh, dear! I do not see why it is,' exclaimed Grace.

'And when you are always so ready in every good work,' answered her mother.

'What is the matter?' questioned Aunt Mary.

'So many slight me of late, and are so cool when I meet them.'

'Are you sure, dear, that you do not see them through colored glasses?'

'Why, what do you mean, Aunt?'

'Just this. Take a piece of colored glass and look through it, and see how everything has the shade of the glass. Are you not inclined to look on the dark side of things? You imagine people are cool to you because you look through gloomy glasses. They may be pre-occupied, or your gloominess repels them. Try a change. Look on the bright side and meet people with a smile and cheery greeting, and see if your colored glasses do not become clear and white.'

The next morning Grace came home smiling from a trip down town. 'Oh, Aunt Mary, 'tis truly so! I met Mrs. H——, who was so cool, and when I tried your plan she stopped and

shook hands, and asked if we were all well. She says they have been so anxious about her brother's illness that she has neglected her friends. I am going to keep it up, and if people do not respond cheerily I am going to think they are worried, or have the blues, and are not thinking of me.'

'Well, well,' exclaimed her mother; 'behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth. Here I have been fighting your battles in the church when there were really none to fight. I thought people slighted you. Mary has given us a lesson.'

'Yes 'tis a remedy I never knew to fail,' said Aunt Mary.

If you get the blues, go and do some kind act and they will disappear.

'This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.'

'As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.'
—'Herald and Presbyter.'

All in an Hour.

(By A. F. Caldwell.)

'Eight o'clock. Why, it's almost school-time!'
And Ted looked up at the sun.
'There's really no use in beginning,
When you can't get anything done!'
So he wasted a whole long hour,
Tick! tick! it went slowly by.
What wonders he might have accomplished,
Had he only the pluck to try!

'An hour! Why, that's sixty minutes!'
Cried Dick, with his face aglow.
'I've time to read over my lessons,
And run on an errand or so!'
He blacked father's boots in addition,
Combed Brother Bob's curly brown hair,
Mailed some letters, and brought in the eggs—
And then had three minutes to spare!
—'Youth's Companion.'

What We May.

(By Eleanor Root.)

'Why do you bother?' asked one summer boarder of another, who had stopped to speak to the little lame storekeeper at the Corners about the fir-pillow industry. 'You surely have enough on your hands without inviting any one else to lean on you. If she takes your suggestion, she'll expect you to help her with orders when you get back to the city,—you see if she doesn't.'

'Well,' was the reply, 'I shall be only too glad if I can. Why, if I could do anything to increase her poor earnings a little, I should be so happy. She is having a real struggle to get along and feed all those mouths since her husband's death,—and this is something her children can help her in.' Here the conversation rested, but not so the interest of the kindly-eyed stranger in her new protégé. The result was that by Christmas every fir-pillow the lame woman was able to send to the city was sold, and she realized what seemed to her a handsome profit. Not only this, but it was an augury of what she and her little family could do in the future.

It was only a little thing, the few moments' talk in the country store, the helping hand at the start, but it brightened a burdened woman's outlook, and enabled her to face with lightened heart the coming days.

'What we may' is manifest to all who will. The only essentials are eyes to see and hearts to feel. With these, the poorest may be a blessing to all with whom he comes in contact, the weakest a source of strength.—'S. S. Times.'

Moral Value of Good Temper.

A reader of Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Letters' says they show how well he practiced in everyday life the gospel of courage, of the high moral value of good temper, and of the crime of gloom and despondency. A fit of irritation was to him a thing to be ashamed of, and he apologizes for being occasionally cast down by his ill-health. One cannot fail to be struck by the buoyant and joyous note in Stevenson, whose whole life was a struggle with disease. By pure will power he prevented physical pain from mastering his spirit. He felt that a man's duty was to be cheery and helpful, for the sake of others; and that it was a miserably poor thing to let one's own suffering shadow others' lives. Hence this heroic soul in weak body was a happiness-maker, both in his home circle and in that larger circle touched by his books. He cultivated good temper because he realized its moral value. When it comes to be recognized more generally, as it ought to be, that good temper is not only cultivable, but a Christian duty, and that one has no moral right to inflict gloom and despondency upon the home members or the community, we shall doubtless see a marked change for the better. Doubtless a sunny disposition is natural to some, and not to others; but all may acquire this, as well as any other virtue; and its possession is one of the strong recommendations of one's religion. There is no reason why one member of the family—say the unselfish mother—should supply all the sunshine for the home.—The 'Watchman.'

The Richest Prince.

(Fred. Myron Colby.)

The richest prince is not always he that reigns over the most extensive and populous empire, with the largest and most prosperous cities, and the best-filled treasure-house.

Back in the Middle Ages there reigned a prince called Eberhard the Good, who was a grand old man, just, wise, and true, and his little principality was the envied corner of Europe. For, though he was only a grand duke, he ruled so justly and well that his subjects were happy and they all loved him as a father. There was a feast, they tell us, one day at the city of Worms, and all the German princes were sitting at the banquet table, when a dispute arose as to which of them was the richest and most prosperous ruler. Prince Ernest of Saxony boasted of broad domains, brimming with gold and silver mines, and his great palace filled with golden treasure.

'I am richer than he,' said the Elector Frederick of the Rhine. 'From my grand castle at Heidelberg I can look over leagues and leagues of hillsides covered with vineyards and valleys rich with golden grainfields.'

King Louis of Bavaria claimed the palm of sovereignty, 'because,' he said, 'prosperous cities and rich old cloisters, filled with works of art, are greater treasures than gold or silver mines, vineyards or ripened grainfields.'

Then all looked at the old lord of Wurttemberg, whose hair and beard were white as the snow on Alpine peaks, and whose blue eyes were shining with a smile. 'I have little to boast of,' he said, meekly. 'There are but few cities in Wurttemberg, and no silver mines, no famous vineyards, and no great store of treasure and precious stones. But I own one rare jewel—I can wander anywhere in my dominions without fear, and lay my old head in peaceful slumber in the cot of my humblest subject.'

'It is enough,' they cried in chorus; 'we yield the palm to thee, for there are no richer treasures than a people's love and loyalty.'—The 'S. S. Visitor.'

For Girls.

A story in one of the holiday magazines carries with it a beautiful moral and model to all young people. It is of a school-girl who, coming herself of a fine old Southern family, felt that she could only associate with girls of similar placement, her standard being the one natural to her years, of the outward and visible signs of culture and breeding. At holiday-time she goes to visit some Northern relatives whom she has never seen, taking with her a schoolmate to whom she has often confided her ambitions, ideas of companionship, and who like herself was a 'little daughter of the rich.' Fancy, then, the chagrin of the exclusive girl when, on reaching the little station at the close of a winter afternoon, she found, not the coachman and prancing horses with polished sleigh and rich fur robes that she would have considered perfectly natural, but a long low bob-sled drawn by a rough old horse, and in the sled seated her farmer uncle and his wife, the pair old-fashioned and countrified to the last degree. This was but the beginning of her ordeal. The house proved to be a plain farm home filled with comfort and abundance, indeed, but simple and primitive as possible. In the evening, with ill-concealed pleasure in the bestowal, the aunt presented the young girl with a silk dress, impossible in color and design, and made up without fit or style by the village dressmaker.

The young girl was fairly dazed at the new experience thus suddenly thrust upon her, but it was not until she was shut up with her friend in their room at bed-time that her dignity and breeding showed forth. She offered to release her chum from spending the week there, saying some excuse could be made, but she, of course, would stay, as her kind old uncle and aunt would be heartbroken if she did not. The chum, who knew well how the iron had entered her friend's soul, was as true a gentlewoman as herself, and refused to be sent off, though it was two dreary girls that fell asleep that night in each other's arms. The week turned out to be a joy, however, filled as it was with country sports of sleigh rides, sugaring-off parties, which the young visitor entered into gayly, first, to please their hosts, and soon because their youthfulness responded to the merry doings, and they thoroughly enjoyed it. Even the silk dress was worn, though with some cringing, to one of the parties, but the pleasure in the donor's face more than repaid the sacrifice of pride. And both the girls fully realized before they left that refinement and good-breeding can be demonstrated without satin or broadcloth or even cultured speech.

One wonders how many young girls who may read this would have come through a similar ordeal like this girl in the story. The snobbishness of the young people of the present day is a growing fault, and one that must influence the character of future homes. Girls are much more often guilty of it than boys. And what a charm has that girl who, if rich, never speaks of her clothes or belongings, who treats her friends the same under all circumstances, and who can, if need be, simply and without arrogance or patronage, make happy a shabby or unpopular companion. Girls need no instruction how to do this. The opportunity comes many times, at school and college, at home and in society, and it is the girl of really fine breeding who accepts it.—'Harper's Bazar.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

A Queer Flag.

The rest of the camping party were farther down the stream, but Grace and Baby, who had been picking daisies in the field, had wandered farther off than they thought.

'We'll carry back lots of 'em, Baby, so mother can have her whole tent trimmed with flowers,' said Grace.

'Es,' answered Baby, nodding his round head, just as he always did to everything his sister said.

So Grace's pink sunbonnet moved steadily on, and Baby's little feet trotted bravely after it. The daisies near the path had been small, but farther back they grew larger and finer, and the children pressed on through the tall grass until their hands were full.

'Oh,' cried Grace, 'it's higher than our heads here! But we have flowers enough, and I guess we'll go back now.'

'Es,' answered Baby, cheerfully.

But going back was not so easy, for Grace could not see the path—could not even see the tops of the tents. She walked a little way, but the grass grew only taller, and she could not find the way out. If they could not see the tents, the people in the tents could not see them either, she thought, and for a minute she wanted to cry. But Baby was looking right up in her face, and it does not do for a little girl to cry when she has a baby brother to take care of.

She could not see anything but the tall grass around her, but when she looked up there was the clear blue sky overhead, and she knew that God could see her even if mother could not. Then a thought came to her, and she laughed.

'I know what to do. I'll put my pink sunbonnet on a stick and hold it up high, and they'll see that.'

Sure enough, the waving pink sunbonnet was soon seen, and father came laughing through the grass and carried Baby safely out on his shoulder, with Grace marching after him and waving her sunbonnet flag.—Ruth Cady.—Selected.

The Little Truant.

'Bunny! Bunny!' called Mary as round and round the house she went in search of her pet.

He was just as black as a lump of coal, not a white hair to be seen, and as cunning as could be.

Of course he had faults, and the worst of these was his bad temper. When anything displeased or frightened him, he would stamp his little feet, or rather make a knocking sound with his hind ones.

He was very slow to make friends; but when he did make them, he would do almost anything for them. It was so cunning to

see him stand on his hind legs and beg. His little ears went up straight, the eyes sparkled, and he put his front paws together, after which Mary gave him some cabbage leaves which he nibbled with delight.

One afternoon Mary came home from school and found her pet missing. She called and called, but he did not come. She searched the yard, barn, and even the dog kennel, but no Bunny.

As it was very cold outside, Bunny thought he would be more comfortable by the kitchen fire. So he watched his chance and, when the door was opened, slipped in and climbed into the wood box. There it was so nice and warm that he went to sleep. When Nora went to fix the fire for night, she found Bunny all curled up in one corner of the wood box. 'You naughty fellow!' she cried. 'You little truant! Here you have made little Mary cry; for she thought you were lost in the cold woods, and here you are as snug and warm as can be! I will go tell her this minute that you are safe.'

Whack! whack!

'Yes, do,' said Bunny.—'Children's Visitor.'

Eating Their Crusts.

The awfullest times that ever could be
They had with two little lads of Dundee,
Who never would finish their crusts.
'And what do you think soon came to pass?
In vain they besought them,
'And patiently taught them,
But no, they wouldn't,
They couldn't, they shouldn't.

These little lads of Dundee, alas!
Who wouldn't take crusts in the regular way,
Sat down to a feast one summer's day;
'And what did the people those little folks give?
Why, a dish of bread-pudding, as sure as I live!

—Selected.

Barbara's Adventure.

'A fresh breeze was blowing, and all the black-eyed Susans in their yellow gowns began to nod. Barbara stopped to look at them. 'Why, they are bowing to me,' she thought; and, catching up her pink skirt, she made a deep courtesy in return. 'Good mornin', you pitty flowers,' she said. 'Barbara goin' to the wiver where big bwother goes to swim.'

The flowers did not seem pleased at the news, for they stood quite still.

Mamma was busy upstairs unpacking, and nurse was helping her; and, though Barbara knew it was naughty, she intended to go by herself. Nurse had held her skirts so tight yesterday when she tried to look over the bank, and would not let her climb down and poke with a long stick to find out how deep the water was. Now she could do as she pleased, and she trudged on.

The path, which at first went straight ahead, suddenly turned at

right angles to avoid a big rock, and so, when Barbara looked at the black-eyed Susans they were no longer bending towards her, but moving sideways. That made them look as if they were shaking their heads; and, instead of a friendly 'Good morning,' they seemed to be saying, 'No, no, little girl, don't go.' But Barbara, who was very determined when she once made up her mind, paid no attention.

The grass kept growing thicker and higher, and soon rose above her head. If her mother had happened to be looking from the upper window, she might have seen a little white hat bobbing up and down, but nothing more; and the child felt as far away and as ready for an adventure as Livingstone, the great explorer, in the jungles of Africa. Of course she had never heard of Livingstone and did not know about his meeting a lion. But, though there was no lion for Barbara, there was something that seemed quite as dreadful to her. Round a bend in the path she nearly ran into it. It was as tall as she and stood on two scrawny legs. There were feathers on its body; but its long thin neck was bare, and it had black beady eyes that seemed to be popping out of its head. Some loose skin hanging from its neck began to swell and to turn dreadfully red and purple, and the top of its head behaved in the same queer way. Then all of a sudden there was a whirr, and something like a big fan opened behind and stood out all about its body. Next it opened its mouth very wide and began making a fearful noise. 'Gobble, gobble, gobble!' it said, and then louder, 'Gobble, gobble, gobble!'

This was too much for Barbara, who, till then, had stood as if turned to stone, and she began to utter piercing shrieks. Not in the least alarmed by that, nearer and nearer came the dreadful mouth. 'Now he is going to eat me,' thought the poor child. But no; he pounced upon a cooky she had all the time been tightly clutching, and, as it fell to the ground, began greedily pecking at it.

Barbara realized that her chance had come. Quick as a flash she turned, and, not once looking back, ran past the black-eyed Susans, into the yard, and up the front steps to her mother's arms.

Panting for breath, and often stopped by sobs, she gave an account of the awful thing, with its great mouth opening to swallow her.

'And, mamma, dear,' she ended, 'nurse don't have to go with Barbara any more. She will always remember what those nice Miss Susans say to her.—Selected.

'WHAT'LL WE NAME THEM?'

Five Peas in One Pod.

Once there were five peas growing in one pod. The peas were green, the pod was green, the vine was green, the leaves were green, and they thought the whole world was green. The warm sun shone on the vine; the summer rain watered it. The shell grew larger, and the peas grew bigger and bigger.

'Are we to live here, cooped up forever?' asked one.

'I'm tired of it,' said another.

'I fear we shall become hard,' said a third.

'I want to see what there is outside,' said a fourth, while a fifth, a very little pea, cried because he could not get out.

At length the vine turned yellow, the pod turned yellow, and the peas turned yellow.

'All the world is turning yellow,' said the peas with one voice.

Then there came an earthquake; the pod burst open with a crack, and all five peas rolled out into the yellow sunshine. A little boy clutched them and said they were fine peas for his pea-shooter. He put the biggest one in his gun and shot it out.

'Catch me, if you can,' said the big pea.

'I shall fly straight into the sun,' said the next one.

'I shall travel farthest,' said the third pea.

'Let me alone,' said the fourth.

'What is to be will be,' said the little pea, as he shot up and lodged in an empty flower pot in the window of a room where lay a poor sick girl.

Pretty soon the pea sprouted, and began to grow up into a beautiful vine.

'Dear mother, I think I shall get well,' said the little girl one day, 'for my pea is growing famously.'

'God grant it,' said the mother, and she took a stick and tied a string to it, so that the green vine might have something to cling to.

After many days, there stood a beautiful pink pea blossom smiling in the warm sunshine. The little girl kissed it softly and said, 'Now I am sure I am going to get well.'—Hans Andersen.

A Child's Prayer.

Lord Jesus, Thou that lovest
Each little child like me,
I pray Thee for the strangers
Who live beyond the sea.
Oh, show me, Lord, what I can do
That they may know and love
Thee too.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Blessedness of Motherhood.

(Mrs. Charlotte F. Wilder.)

A few years ago, in an Eastern city, I heard a young girl, dressed in costly garments, read her graduating essay, in which she demanded, over and over again, 'a wider sphere for woman,' quoting often from one who was out in the world posing as a reformer of her sex, while her divorced husband was the only one caring for their children, and the best he could do was to put them in charge of a kind matron of an orphan asylum.

A year ago I wrote an article for this periodical, the 'Christian Work and Evangelist,' with the same title as the one selected to-day. It was founded on the mother-love exquisitely expressed in a letter that had come from a young mother the day I wrote the article. Part or the whole of the article has been quoted far and near, and many letters from strangers have been received expressing such love for home and children as would have warmed a heart of very stone. Some letters, alas! have, also, come filled with such ignorance of the real meaning of life; filled with such a spirit of restlessness; such vagueness of purpose; such false ideals of true womanhood that I have wondered how such things could be in Christian America. Letters from girls and women eager to 'go out' and 'reform' the world when all the reform needed is to make each home the one bit of paradise left from the fall.

Among the letters that stirred me most is one, I will say, from Massachusetts, because it is not from there. I want to quote from this letter, hoping it will make every mother who reads it love her little ones more dearly and purpose to help each to become all each is capable of becoming; to become all that God saw it could become when the child first came into this world.

'* * * O, I love children so, but am not a mother, and probably you will smile when I tell you what I really am—'an old maid.' Every good woman desires companionship, and love, and, consequently, marriage, and I never dreamed but what it would come to me until the last few years. O late I have realized that these joys were for other women, but, probably, will not be mine. I have not mourned over this, for I find there are worse things in life than being unmarried. I can live without the love of a man, but, O, how can I go through life, living always and always without a dear little child to love! From the time I was a little girl I have mothered every baby it has been my good fortune to know.

'A few years ago I was a teacher of little children. I loved my darlings, but ill-health caused me to give up my work. Since then I have been willing, always, to care for the babies of my friends, but that does not satisfy entirely, for, whether it may be jealousy or the great mother-hunger, I want a child that will love me. One who will not leave me and fly into the real mother's arms the instant she approaches!

'I often wonder if mothers realize the blessedness of being mothers. What would I not give to-night if I could take a dear little child in my lap, take off the tiny garments, cover the dear one with kisses and ask God to bless the little one as I hushed her for the night's rest in my arms. Indignation rises within me when I read in the society columns of a daily of the thousands of dollars spent on some grand social function, when for that same amount I could adopt and care for some baby girl—the greatest wish of my heart. I know so many sweet stories to tell her, so many blessed truths to teach. Often at night I dream of a little white crib standing beside my own bed and awaken and cry, actually cry over the loneliness and failure of the life given me.

'I have all the real comforts of life and I neither really mourn nor complain. I am saying to you, stranger, what I never said to the dearest friend I know. But it sometimes seems as though I must do something to fill my life with this love I so desire. I have seriously thought of being a nurse girl! My people and friends would be shocked beyond measure, but I am tired of a seemingly useless life. I would not like office work; clerking and teaching I could not do. I want children and a home life. How I would like to be a mother's helper.

'To-day I taught a large class in Sunday School, and as I looked into those eager, upturned faces I thought, "O, the responsibility—when we undertake to teach these little ones!" I am almost frightened, when I see them drinking in my words, lest I make a mistake. I am trusting that God will give me a work to do in orphan asylum, hospital, or home when I am ready for the work. Only some work where I can care for such "little ones" as our Lord took in his arms and blessed.'

I read one of 'the other kind' of letters that came, to a dear invalid friend who was in my home one day. It was from a mother who complained because her children took so much of her time. Here is a paragraph I read to my friend: 'Just think how I am handicapped in my effort to make something of myself. Three boys to bring in mud, snow, noise, and quarrelings. They tease for this thing and that. All of them wanting me to sing with them, play with them, or read to them. Of course, if I had time enough I should be glad to do those things, but I never get time.'

My friend raised her head and leaned forward from the chair where she had been resting, and with her sweet tones, trembling with earnestness, she said, 'My only boy died, but if God had sent me a score of boys I would have given each a welcome you could have heard from Dan to Beersheba. And I would have read to them from the time they knew what books meant; I would have read with them; I would have sung with them; I would have gone walnutting or chestnutting with them; I would have hunted bugs and plants and "specimens" with them; they should have had some safe guide to have gone with them hunting, fishing, swimming; I would have worked with them; I would have studied with them; they should have loved me so that I should have been their soul's most intimate earthly friend. O, I would have "found time" even if I had been forced to make my own gown of jeans and made the gingerbread for my boys at night after they were asleep. Why, if God gave me souls—just think of it! —if God gave me souls to train for usefulness in this world and for me to meet in heaven, how could I at last, if these souls went astray, how could I, when I came up before God to answer for the trust he had laid upon me—how could I say, "O Lord, I had no time to do my duty?" "No time!" O, forgive me for replying in such terms to the letter you read, but I do feel the awful responsibility of motherhood, as well as its compensating, beautiful blessedness.' — From the 'Christian Work and Evangelist.'

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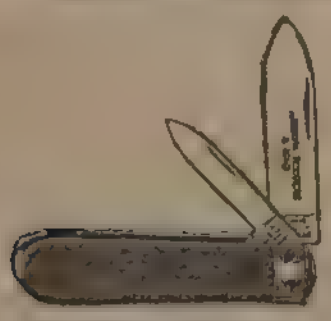

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If We Knew.

There are gems of wondrous brightness
  Ofttimes lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking thoughtless
  Down the busy, crowded street;
If we knew, our pace would slacken—
  We would step more oft with care,
Lest our careless feet be treading
  To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching
  For the comfort we might bring;
If we knew what souls are yearning
  For the sunshine we could fling;
If we knew what feet are weary
  Walking pathways roughly laid.
We would quickly hasten forward,
  Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friend around us
  Feel a want they never tell—
That some word we've lightly spoken
  Pained and wounded where it fell,
We would speak in accents tender
  To each friend we chance to meet;
We would give to each one freely
  Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

—Selected.

Care of Burns.

In no other instance is presence of mind so necessary and common sense so valuable as in case of fire. In the small beginning a rug or heavy curtain can smother and extinguish the growing flames which in a moment more will develop and destroy. The skin is the external lungs of the body, and if a certain amount of it is destroyed the person cannot live. The excruciating pain of a burn calls for immediate attention. Cover the surface with a thick layer of cotton or a compress, and saturate it with water and alcohol, equal parts, until the pain has subsided. This will often prevent the formation of blisters. To exclude the air is the first endeavor. If the clothing adheres to the flesh after a burn, do not attempt to remove it, but cut it away, and try afterwards to clean the part of what is left by letting the water drip on it and wash it away. The best dressing there is for a burn is what is known as carron oil. It consists of equal parts of lime-water and olive oil. Soft rags, as cotton flannel or lint, should be dipped in this and then applied over the burn. Over this should be placed a layer of absorbent cotton, and then a bandage applied. If the burn is very deep, it should be dressed daily, otherwise every other day is sufficient. If blisters have been formed before the dressing is applied, the water should be let out by opening them near the lower border with a needle.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Mary Don't.

There can be no law in the family without a code. Law must have its expression in some way or other, and I believe the code should be short and simple, and pertain to great moral subjects, and not to innumerable little details. I have heard of a little girl who, being asked what her name was, replied, 'Mary.'

'But I want to know your whole name.'

'Well, mamma usually calls me "Mary Don't."'—'Temperance Leader.'

In the Wake of House-cleaning

The yearly house-quake leaves behind a harvest of small devices and homely hints, especially if the 'quaker' compares notes with her neighbors. Some of these nuggets, the condensed wisdom of various housewives, seem worth passing along to a large constituency.

Windows and soiled or fly-specked mirrors should be first washed with a cloth wrung nearly dry from a pail of warm water containing a little ammonia or washing soda. Dry with soft cloth or crumpled newspaper, and if an extra polish is wanted, use a rag moistened with kerosene. Be sure that the sash-frame itself is thoroughly cleaned before touching the glass.

One way to clean window-blinds—not the most thorough way, but a simple and fairly effective one—is to open them and let them stand at right angles to the house during a quiet, steady shower. It will be all the better if they are first brushed off with a wing.

Germs of mildew in a cellar or basement can be destroyed by fumigating with sulphur. The doors and windows should remain tightly closed for at least twelve hours.

All but the finest furniture may be treated to an application of crude petroleum, rubbed in with a woollen rag. This is almost equal in effect to a coat of varnish.

A soft sponge wrung out of soapy water is the best and easiest thing with which to 'dust' the iron openwork of a sewing-machine, flowerstand, and the like.

A cloth moistened in kerosene is the best thing for wiping up oilcloth—it cleans and brightens it without removing the varnish. To bind oilcloth, stitch a strip of silesia to the right side, and then turn it over and paste smoothly to the under side, using flour paste. Rye flour, by the way, makes better paste than wheat, and only amateur paperhangers apply it while warm.

A safe for meat and cooked food will be a joy to the housekeeper, and soon pay for itself in convenience and security from the depredations of ants and flies. It can be made at trifling cost by any one handy with tools, the materials being a packing-box, a board for shelves, a yard or two of wire-cloth, a pair of hinges, a few nails, and a latch for the door. A strip of board should be removed from the bottom of the box (the back of the safe), and replaced by wire-cloth; this permits a current of air, the door also being of wire. Have the safe suspended from the rafters near the foot of the cellar stairs.

The best sweeping-cap I know of—and I have experimented with several—is in the shape of an apron about 24 inches long and 12 inches wide, put into the binding or band without gathers. It protects the head thoroughly, does not disarrange the hair, and can be washed and ironed as easily as a napkin. The band, which ends in short strings, passes around the forehead, and is tied at the back of the neck.

In considering the pillow question, it is worth while to remember that one of the lightest and daintiest materials for filling sofa pillows is the down of the milkweed. This should be gathered just before the pods burst (and the farmer will thank you to burn the seeds), transferred to a bag or 'tick' of unbleached muslin, and hung in the open air for two or three days to cure. I know of a milkweed pillow that has been in use for 15 years, and is apparently as good as ever. For an infant's pillow it is as light and soft as down, and more poetic than either hair or 'live-goose feathers.'—Doree, in the 'Country Gentleman.'

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than aught else. He or she is a radiating focus of good will and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. * * They practically demonstrate the great theorem of the livableness of life—Anonymous.

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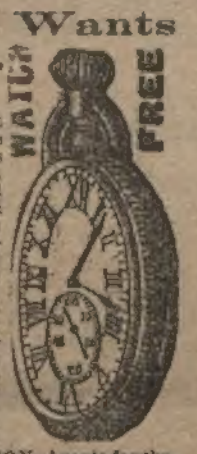

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Never Mind.

Sometimes, when nothing goes just right,
And worry reigns supreme,
When heartache fills the eyes with mist,
And all things useless seem,
There's just one thing can drive away
The tears that scald and blind—
Someone to slip a strong arm 'round,
And whisper, 'Never mind.'

No one has ever told just why
Those words such comfort bring,
Nor why that whisper makes our cares
Depart on hurried wing;
Yet troubles say a quick 'Good-day!'—
We leave them far behind—
When someone slips an arm around,
And whispers, 'Never mind.'

—Selected.

Consideration.

The Lack of It.

'What is the matter with those nice girls?' exclaimed a well-bred gentleman to his wife and other ladies who were sitting on the porch of a summer hotel trying to converse.

'What do you mean, William?' inquired the wife, looking up hastily from her fancy work. 'I thought you were very fond of all those girls!'

'I am fond of them, every one of them,' replied the husband, 'but I mean just this: Hear the noise now of those four girls coming from the far end of the piazza. Listen to their harsh voices, notice their stride (for you cannot call it by any other name) and see how they seem to dig their heels into these bare floors. I don't see what their mothers can be thinking about that they should not train them when they are children to better manners, to have consideration for other people, to be quiet and gentle and speak in low voices!'

'Aren't you very critical to-day, William?' asked the wife.

'Not a bit,' said the husband, most emphatically. 'I've been noticing this for days. It is almost impossible to carry on a conversation here when those girls are about, they are so noisy. Why, they make more noise than a dozen men, and there are no men here who have such harsh, high-pitched voices,' he added.

'You are certainly right,' said one of the other ladies. 'They do shake the porch as they walk and are loud and noisy everywhere. Yet they are nice girls, as you say, and they have beautiful mothers. What is the matter?'

'I don't know, I'm sure,' replied Mrs. Hardy. 'I see the same thing continually and I am somewhat inclined to blame the mothers. If children are properly taught they remember the lessons and almost unconsciously fall into good habits.'

'That's just it,' said Mr. Brown. 'When I was a boy I was taught to walk through the home quietly, to keep my voice down, to close rather than slam the doors and to be mindful of others. My mother used to say, "There are always older people to be considered."'

'I've been thankful that you were taught those lessons and that you learned them so well,' said his wife with a smile on her face. Then, turning to the others she added, 'Although such a heavy man, he moves about the house and up and down stairs as quietly as a light little child, and I never knew him to slam a door.'

Back and forth for some minutes the same group of girls passed with never-lessening noise. All the mature guests in the hotel for several weeks had been conscious of these happy, noisy girls, who rushed through halls and corridors and about the porches calling back and forth to each other with such utter abandon as if they were the only guests. No one hindered them, and their parents were seemingly oblivious to their lack of consideration.

'What a pity, what a pity,' said Mr. Brown, 'that these mothers do not see the faults of their children as we do, and, seeing them, correct them. The girls might not like it, but we should, and they will be mighty glad when they are grown, to be well-bred, with quiet manners and pleasant voices. Why, the feelings of all these people toward them would soon change were they well-trained and considerate. No one wants to restrict their fun, I am sure. We love their bright faces, gleeful spirits and joyous freedom, but they should be taught that there are places where they should exercise their self-restraint and be conscious that there are others who have rights and of whom they should not be oblivious.'—The 'Standard.'

The Morning's Hope.

Start bravely in the morning for somewhere on ahead;
The way may not be open, but when the sky is red
Where western hills reach upward, be sure that you may say:
'Though the goal is far beyond me, I've journeyed on, to-day.'

The aimless, hopeless thousands who where they started die
Begin the day by sighing, and still at evening sigh;
The tasks are viewed with sorrow and sullen murmurings
That should be hailed with gladness as steps to higher things.

—Selected.

Selected Recipes.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, one cup milk, quarter teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sugar, half a cup flour and half a teaspoonful salad oil. Add the milk, salt and sugar to the yolks. Pour a third of this mixture on the flour and stir to a smooth batter. Add the remainder of the milk and beat well, then add the oil. Heat, and butter a small frying pan and pour into it enough of the mixture to cover the pan. When baked a light brown turn and brown on other side. Spread each with jelly, roll up and dust with powdered sugar.

COFFEE FUDGE.—Boil together two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one cupful of strong coffee. Add either one teaspoonful of butter or one tablespoonful of rich cream. Boil until a spoonful of the candy stiffens when beaten. Then take from the fire, beat hard with a big spoon until the candy begins to grow stiff, quickly beat in one cupful of broken shellbark or pecan nut meats, and pour out into a buttered tin. This is an extremely toothsome candy and not well known.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

Foreign Substance in the Eye.

A natural instinct impels a person who feels pain or irritation to rub the affected spot. When some trifling object gets under the eyelid, one is tempted to rub the exterior of the lid, and thus unconsciously imbed the object in the inner surface, thus rendering its ultimate removal more difficult. Another almost irresistible impulse prompts one to wink. This operation is apt to have the same effect. If the lid is promptly turned inside out, though, danger from both of these causes will be avoided and the discovery of the mischief-making particle may be promoted. It is better to have someone else do the hunting, but if a looking-glass is at hand, perhaps the victim can see well enough with the other eye to find the object in question. A correspondent of the 'Scientific American' makes these suggestions:

Gently hold the eye open with the fingers and thumb of one hand, while with the other hand dash light handfuls of water in and across it, so as to produce a current of water flowing over all the surface of the eye, and the under side of the lids. The effect of this almost invariably is to push the intruding object from the eye.

The eye should not be rubbed or one lid drawn over the other, or a silk handkerchief drawn across the affected part, but the eye should be kept from winking as much as possible, while prompt action is being taken to cause a current of water to pass over the surface of the ball.

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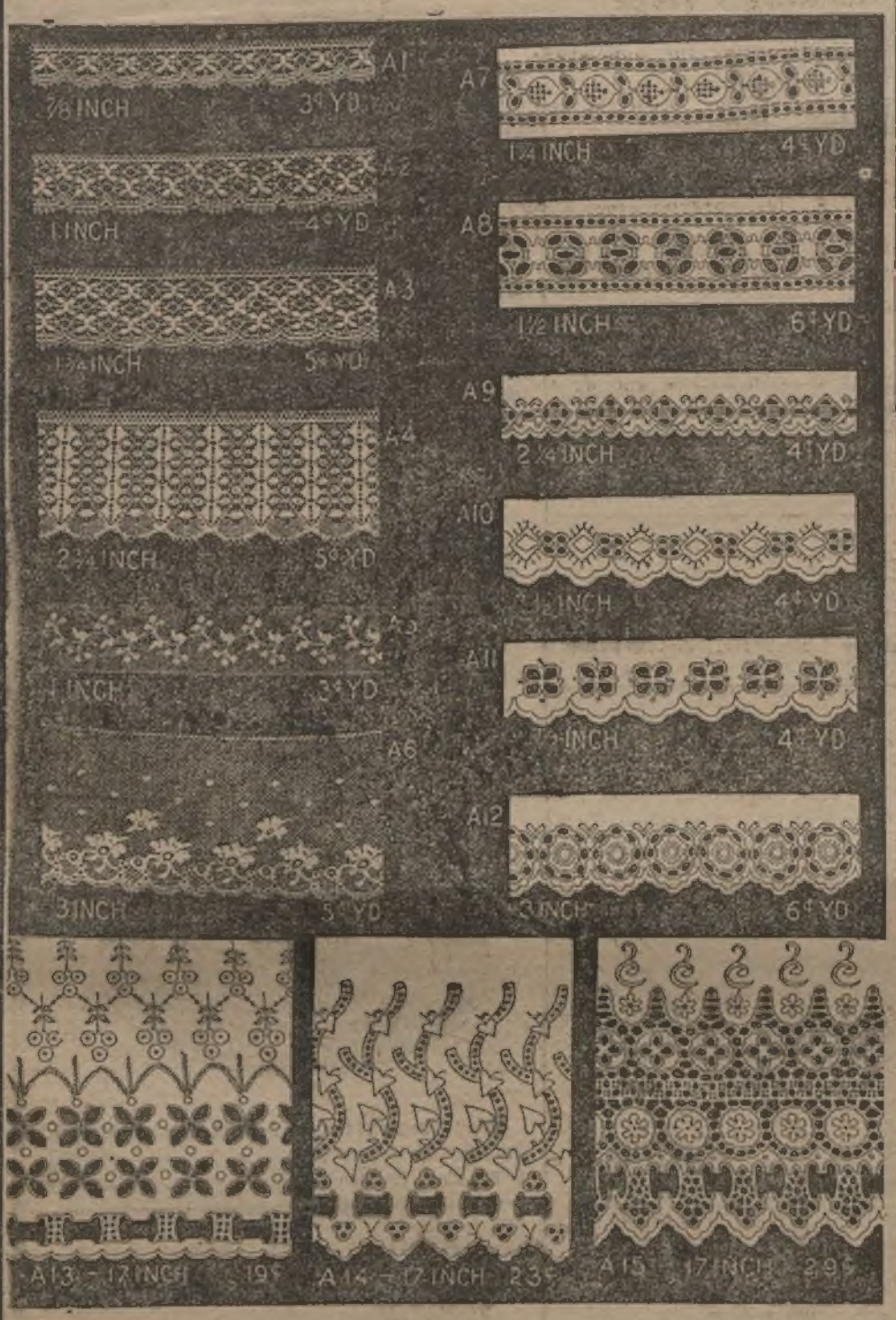

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The John Murphy Company Limited MONTREAL, Canada.

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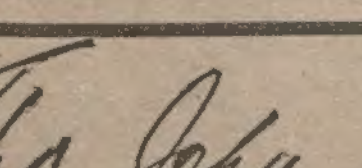
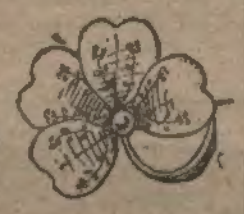
Ladies' Wrist Bag, made of fine seal grained leather, in Black or Brown, leather lined and fitted with inside purse; 8 inch leather covered frame, flat strap handle. A stylish and roomy shopping bag.
Regular, $1.75 each. SPECIAL **$1.38**



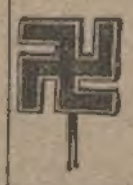
Sterling Silver Brooches, in imitation of a swallow, Sky Blue colored, and ruby eyes. Regular, .75, for.. .. .. **.39**

Ladies' Belt, made of fine, soft, goat skin leather, 2½ inches wide, finished with plain or etched 2 piece set in Black, Brown, Navy, Tan, Green, also, 6 other styles in same quality, equally pretty.
Regular, .75 each. SPECIAL .. .. **.59**

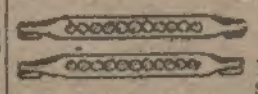


14k. Gold-filled Clover Leaf Brooch, in Colored Enamel, relief and pearl centre.
Reg., $1.50, for .. .. **.98**

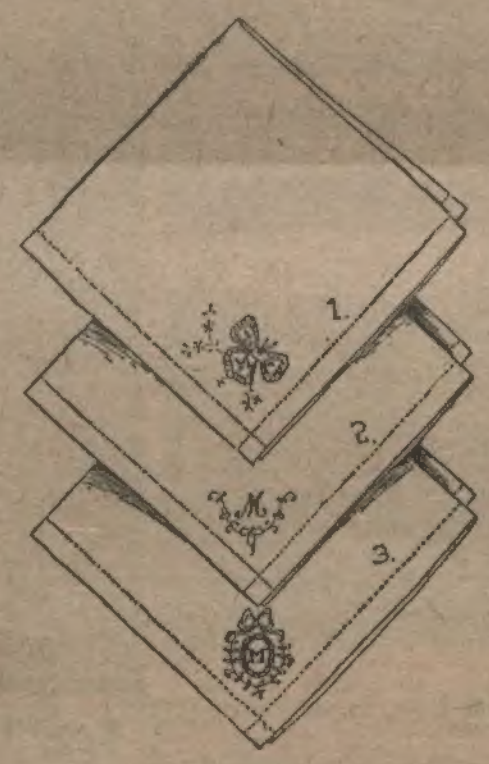
Swastika Hat Pins, Hard Enamel.
SPECIAL .. .. **.17½**



Sterling Silver Scarf Pin, enamelled in Red and Blue.
SPECIAL .... **.25**



Finest Parisian Brilliant Beauty Pins, set in Sterling Silver, Gold plated.
Regular $2.00 set for **$1.25**



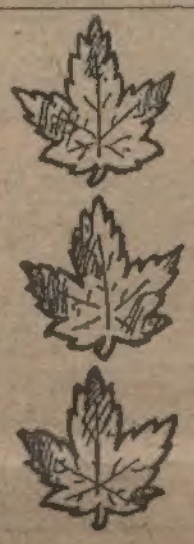
Sheer Linen Unlaundered Handkerchiefs, hand embroidered by the peasantry of Ireland in 3 patterns, forget-me-not, with bow-knot; half wreath and shamrock; full wreath and bow knot.

No. 1, 6 Handkerchiefs, for **$1.25**
No. 2, 6 Handkerchiefs, for .. .. **.55**
No. 3, 6 Handkerchiefs, for .. .. .. **.75**

3 piece Comb Set, made of finely finished stock in shell only, neat and comfortable fitting shape. Regular price, .75.
SPECIAL, per set.... .. .. **.39**

14k. Gold-filled Hat Pins. Assorted patterns.
SPECIAL .. .. **.19**

Hard Enamel Souvenir Belt Pin or Brooch, in Blue, Green, or Red.
Regular, .50, for .. .. **.39**



Hard Enamel Blouse Set, 3 on card; some with 'Canada' stamped on leaf.
Regular, .25, for, set **.19**

10k. Solid Gold Crescent Stick Pin Set with 7 pearls. SPECIAL .. .. **.89**

Collar Stock of Guipure Lace

1,000 Patterns, Each 15c.

10k. Solid Gold Stick Pin Set, with 9 pearls.
SPECIAL **$1.19**